# Long Distance

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# Long Distance

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Adam shows Nigel how much he's missing him.

“Nigel,” Adam whimpered as he moved. The laptop on the dresser gave a perfect view of his lithe body lifting up and down on the bed where he rode one of his toys.

“Fuck…” Nigel muttered, nearly dropping his phone.

When Nigel first realised he needed to return to Bucharest to sort out a few of his business interests, he’d considered trying to convince Adam to come with him. The last thing he wanted was to spend time away from the lover he had barely been away from since they met ten months earlier. But needs fucking must, unfortunately.

Adam had work, and this had been short notice. Adam had already mentioned before that he wasn’t a fan of spontaneity so Nigel hadn’t even raised the subject.

He tried not to regret it, but the truth was he had practically been living with Adam for the last six months despite having his own apartment literally just up a flight of stairs. He was fucking lonely. He missed their weird late night conversations about shit Nigel had no clue about but loved to listen to Adam talk about anyway. He missed the way Adam would nuzzle up to him as they fell asleep in his tiny fucking bed.

He missed--

Adam let out a moan as he ran his hands up his pale skin, tweaking his tight, hard nipples.

Nigel swallowed.

When Adam had messaged him earlier saying that he *really* missed Nigel and *really* needed him, he understood Adam wasn't exaggerating. But he also hadn't expected for the call to connect and reveal his boyfriend bouncing on a toy and moaning his name.

"Miss you, Nigel." Adam gasped out the words. "Couldn't wait until you came home, is this okay?"

Nigel swallowed, his cock as hard as his throat was dry. "Y-yeah, gorgeous."

They had been calling every evening since Nigel arrived in Romania five days ago. Evening for him at least. It was a little before 11pm which made it almost 9am for Adam. A little later tonight as it was already Saturday in the US and Adam didn't have work.

As was evidenced by the way his hair was all askew, and not least the fact that he was fucking himself.

"Want you inside of me," Adam muttered, his eyes closed now as one hand drifted down, hidden from view by the position of his leg. All the same it was clear to Nigel he was jerking himself off.

"I want that too, only a few more days," Nigel was panting, his blood thrumming in his veins. "Need to touch myself."

Adam nodded at Nigel's words, his eyes fluttering open as he watched expectantly, no break in his own stride.

"Pretend you're inside me," Adam suggested, breathless.

"Let me show you how much I miss you." Nigel growled as he set his phone on the bedside table, positioning it against the clunky lamp until he was sure Adam would be able to get a good view.

"Nigel," Adam whimpered as Nigel pulled off his t-shirt and then undid his jeans. He quickly and roughly pulled them down to his thighs and no further, only wanting to get his hand on his cock.

"You want this, darling?" his words came out almost as a snarl.

"Uhuh," Adam nodded as he rode his toy all the harder. "I-inside me."

"Fuck," Nigel growled as he tightened his fist around stroked it hard, stopping only for a moment to wet his palm with spot before continuing again.

"Tell me," Adam encouraged as he writhed and undulated.

"Pretend that's my cock inside you, gorgeous. That's how it'll be. I know I'll barely get a foot in the door and you'll be on me. Won't you darling?"

"Y-yeah," Adam agreed, nodding as his eyes closed again, no doubt picturing it all.

“I’ll let you,” Nigel continued, “like always. I’ll let you use me just how you like. You’ll push me down onto the bed--”

“No,” Adam replied, shaking his head, his eyes squeezed shut. “Won’t get that far.”

Nigel let out a choked chuckle, “the sofa. I’ll fucking rip both our clothes off just so you can get to me. I’ll be fucking hard and leaking for you before I even get in the door.”

Adam nodded, “Yes, yeah… Gonna climb on top of you and let you fill me.”

“Tell me, gorgeous.” Nigel encouraged.

“I’ll ride you… I’ll sink down onto your cock until you’re deep inside me.”

“That’s it,” Nigel growled, “fucking ride me hard. Want to come inside you!”

Adam let out a strangled noise and he nodded vigorously, the hand on his cock moving faster.

“Don’t go away again,” Adam moaned as he bounced harder and faster on the toy. “Want to feel you come inside me.”

“Fuck… when you talk like that…” Nigel felt like he was going to break apart. He fucking loved it when Adam talked dirty, loved when he masturbated for him. But they had never done this before.

“Come inside me, come inside me,” Adam muttered over and over as he fucked himself over and over on the toy.

“If I go away again,” Nigel started, trying to get the words out through his panted breaths. “I’ll get you a toy that’ll come inside you. Fucking fill you up, gorgeous. And you can pretend it’s me. Fill you up until you can’t take it any more.”

“N-Nigel,” Adam groaned, his whole body shaking and each movement a clear struggle as he continued to fuck himself even as his climax drew closer.

“Come for me, gorgeous. Need to see it.” Nigel growled, his fist moving painfully fast, his cock throbbing.

“Y-yeah, yeah…” Adam nodded over and over his eyes suddenly open and wide as they found Nigel’s. “Nigel…” he whimpered and shook, shuddering as his fist pumped a last few times, his body rose and fell slamming down hard on the toy twice more until he groaned and collapsed.

“That’s it, gorgeous. That’s it!” Nigel cooed as he pumped his fist a few more times, so very close.

When Adam pulled his soiled hand up to his mouth and licked his come from his fingers, it was all over.

Nigel groaned and came hard, shooting his load half way across the bedding.

The hotel room was filled by the sound of his heavy breaths, his own and Adam's through the screen.

"Three more days…" Nigel muttered, catching his breath. "I'll be home in three more days."

"Yeah…" Adam agreed with the post-coital dopey smile that Nigel loved so much. "I don't think I'm cut out for long distance."

Nigel chuckled, "I don't know, I think you did quite well."

Adam returned the chuckle, a blush across his cheeks that made Nigel want to do it all over again. But he needed to feel his skin, ravage him or let Adam ride him. Fuck hard and deep and as insatiably as they always did. Until it drove him fucking mad and there was nothing in the universe except Adam fucking Raki. Fuck long distance.

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